IND.

GUNSMOKE WESTERN

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

59 JULY

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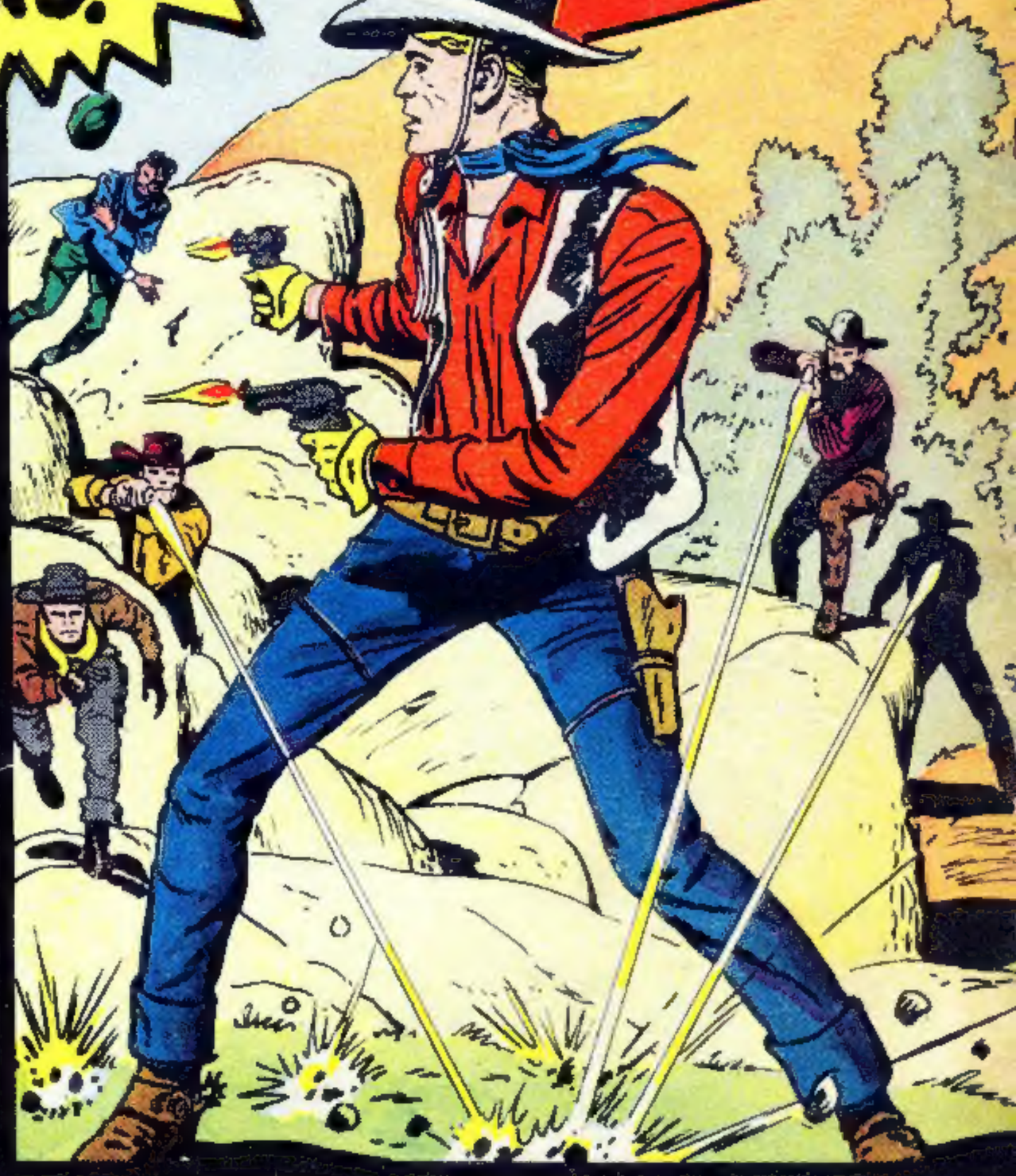
KID COLT FACES "THE GUNS OF DON DRAGO!"

IN THIS GREAT ISSUE:

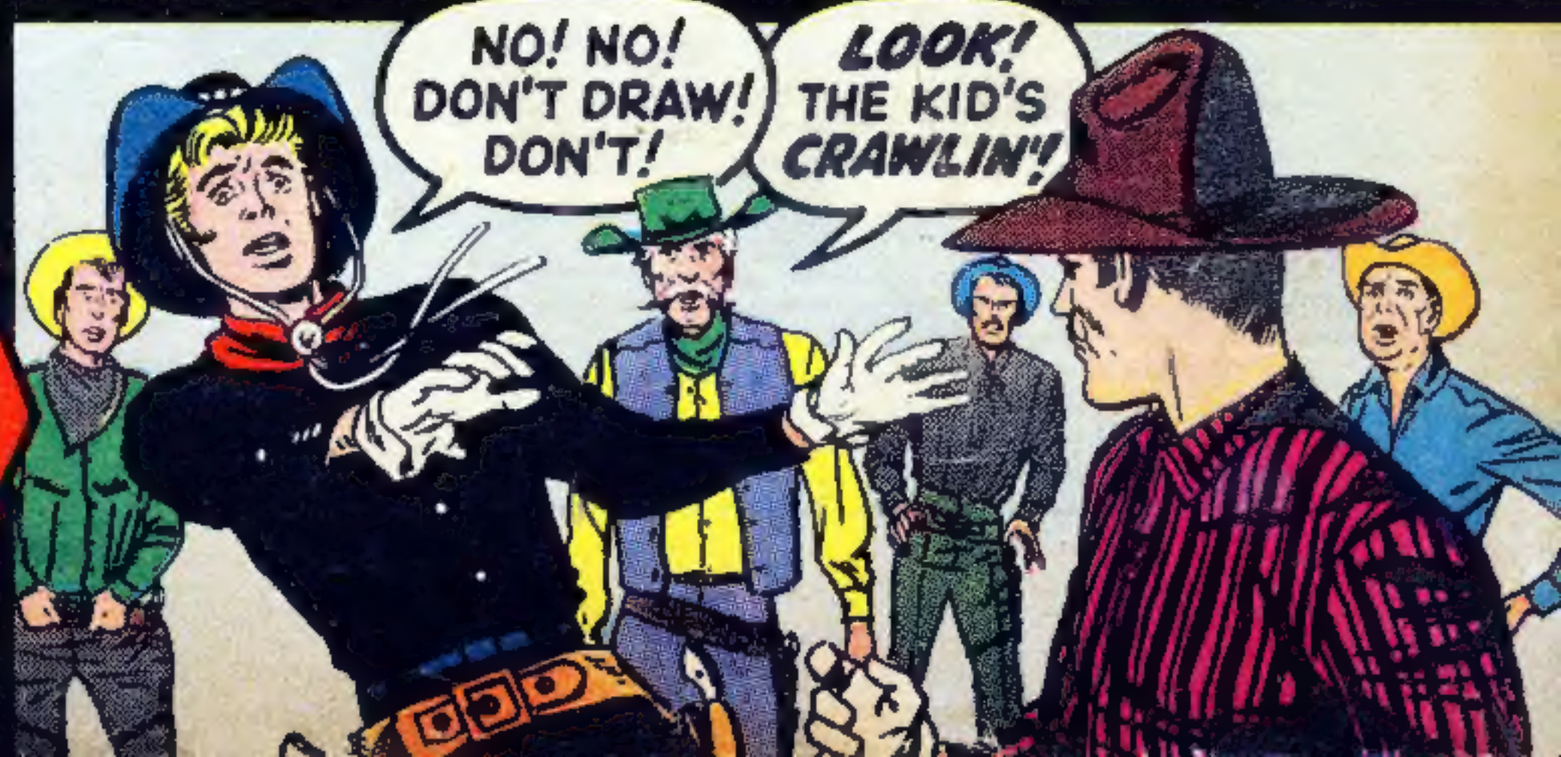
NOT ONE BUT... TWO KID COLT, OUTLAW THRILLERS!

KID COLT FINDS AN "AMBUSH AT ARROW-HEAD CREEK!"



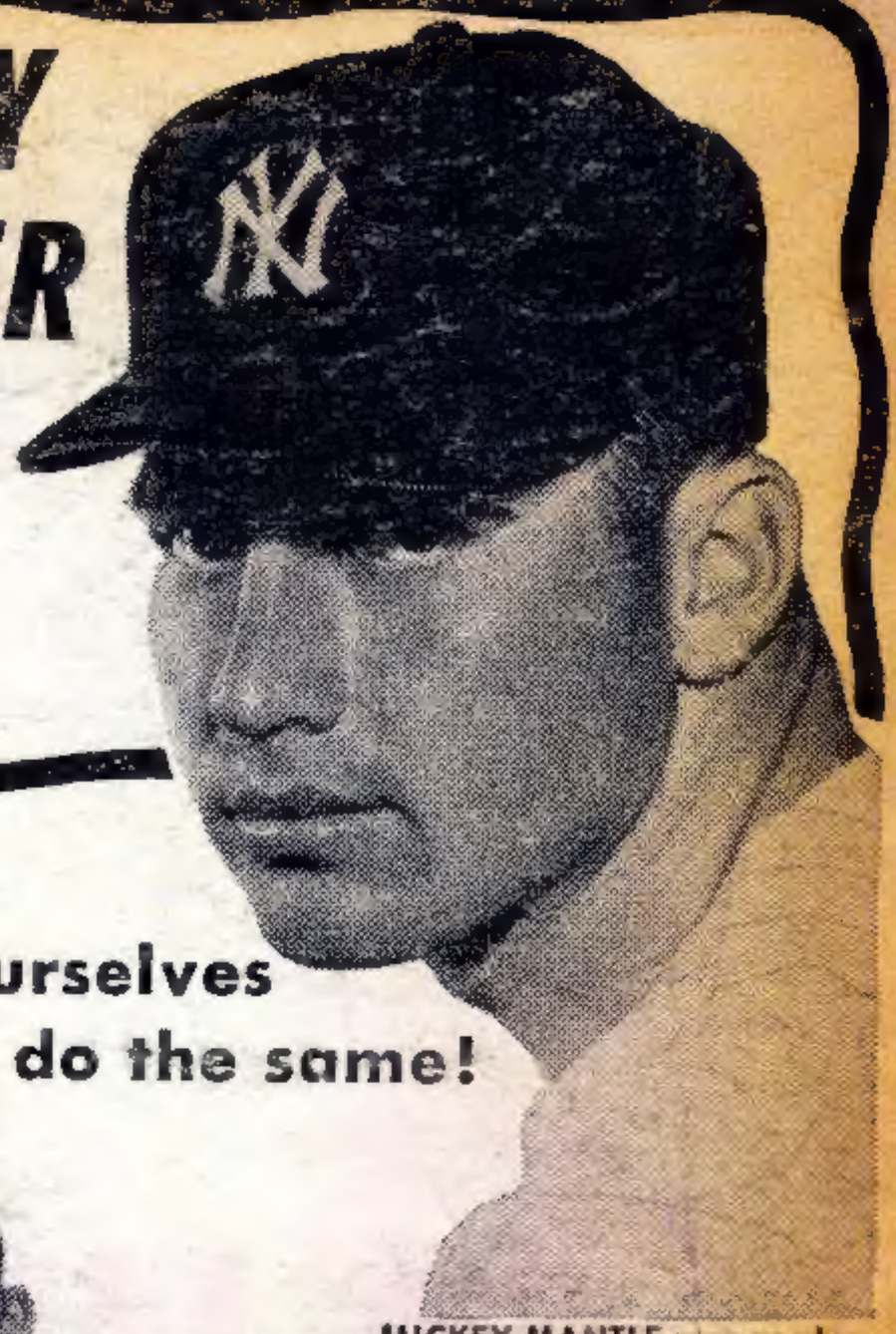
PLUS A GREAT NEW TWO-GUN KID ADVENTURE

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED "WHEN THE KID CRAWLED AWAY!"



Let us PACK YOUR BODY with the MUSCLE POWER you've always wanted!

says Mickey Mantle



Stop being "Pushed Around" because you're FLABBY...SKINNY...or SLOW! We trained ourselves to be champs...and we'll show you how to do the same!

YOGI BERRA used to be called "Fatso"—until he got into all kinds of sports and learned how to play to *win!* That's how he got the reputation as one of the toughest competitors in major league baseball!

"You're too small and skinny to play championship basketball", they told BOB COUSY. But Bob showed them it's your SPEED and TRAINING that count. Now this great basketball star will share his training secrets with *you!*

JOE LOUIS was a poor boy—and they tried to push him around. But Joe developed his shoulders, his footwork and timing 'til *nobody alive* could stay in the ring with him. Now Joe will teach YOU how to defend yourself!

MICKEY MANTLE was so shy, he had trouble *just saying hello!* He shows you how sports made him "come out of his shell", built his self-confidence and helped him to become a champion! Now Mickey wants to help YOU!

Get Started NOW—for just 10¢

YOU may be surprised to know this, but none of these great champs was *born* a hero. They all TRAINED themselves to be great—and now they've joined together to help others do the same!

Yes, these champions want to help *you* to be a real athlete and *look* the part! They'll gladly share all their secrets with boys who seriously want to improve. Right at home they'll help you develop a body that ripples with all the power you'll ever need—iron muscles, strong shoulders, tireless legs and wind. They'll build up your speed and timing. Buck up your confidence, personality and popularity. What's more, you don't need any special weights, bar bells or other expensive equipment to follow their exciting program.

Start Now!

You can start by sending 10¢ for their Championship Training Book *right now!* In it, Mickey Mantle shows you how to step up your batting average...Doak Walker gives you some great passing tips...Bob Cousy tells you how to handle a basketball like a pro...Joe Louis shows you how to fight a guy who's bigger than you. You get all this *and much much more* for only 10¢. And with this little book we'll send you all the details of a low-cost Program these great athletes have developed to train you to become a CHAMP.

Well, how about it? Mickey, Joe and all the rest of the champions are waiting to help you—and they'll never let you down. One thing the champions will tell you, though. "Never put off something important!" So fill in the coupon at the right and mail it with your dime, *today!*

Sports Program Praised Across the Nation...

"My efforts with your Course were rewarded when out of 1700 boys at my school, I scored highest in our annual physical education tests."

—Errol Glustoff, Chicago 45, Ill.

"The Course has helped me coach my boys the right way. It stresses the right thinking."

—Rev. James Gilchrist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

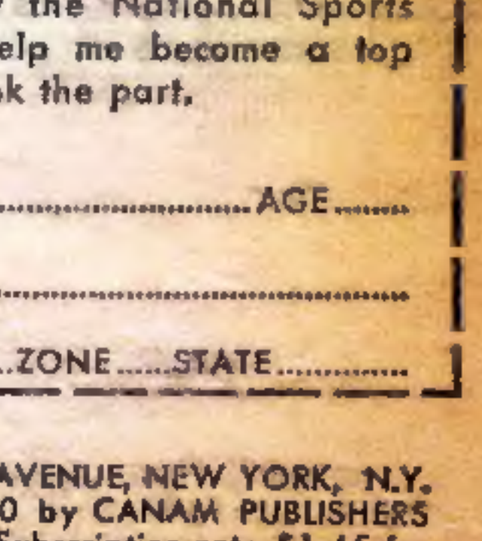
"The Champions not only helped my two sons...they also put me in shape."

—Mr. Wm. Enright, Rooseville, Mich.

The Champions' Program Is...

Used by 406 Athletic Coaches—all routines are medically approved.

Designed for you to train in your own home—no equipment needed.



THE NATIONAL SPORTS COUNCIL
Dept. AM 70, 33 West 46th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢. Please rush me the Championship Training Book by Mickey Mantle, Joe Louis, Doak Walker, Bob Cousy and other great sports stars. Also send FREE literature that tells how the National Sports Council can help me become a top athlete and look the part.

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KID COLT OUTLAW

THE LEGEND OF KID COLT... YEARS AGO, KID COLT KILLED AN OUTLAW IN SELF-DEFENSE! BUT, BEING YOUNG AND FOOLISH, HE FLED, INSTEAD OF STAYING TO STAND TRIAL! SINCE THEN, HE HAS SPENT HIS LIFE TRYING TO ATONE FOR HIS MISTAKE!

ALL RIGHT, MEN, FAN OUT! AND NOT A SOUND OUTTA **ANY** OF YUH! THEY SAY THAT KID COLT CAN HEAR A TWIG SNAP FROM A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY!

DON'T WORRY, SHERIFF! HE WON'T GIT BY US!

THIS IS **ONE** AMBUSH HE WON'T ESCAPE!

WE BETTER TAKE OUR PLACES! HE'S DUE 'MOST ANY MINUTE NOW!

A POSSE! WAITING IN AMBUSH FOR ME! SOMEHOW THEY LEARNED I'M HEADING FOR ARROWHEAD CREEK!

BUT I **CAN'T** TURN BACK! NO MATTER WHAT THE COST! I'VE **GOT** TO REACH ARROW-HEAD CREEK!

"AMBUSH AT ARROWHEAD CREEK!"

by Stan Lee and JACK KELLER

MOST MEN WOULD TURN AND FLEE WHEN THEY LEARN THEY'RE HEADIN' INTO A SIX-GUN TRAP! BUT **KID COLT** ISN'T LIKE MOST MEN! AND THIS IS THE WAY IT WAS...

T-788

WE'VE HAD MORE THAN OUR SHARE OF TROUBLE EVER SINCE THE BUTLER BOYS HAVE BEEN ROBBIN' AND LOOTIN' IN THESE PARTS! AND NOW THE **KID** IS HEADIN' THIS WAY... IF **HE** GITS BY US, ARROWHEAD CREEK WON'T BE A SAFE PLACE TO LIVE!

DON'T WORRY, SHERIFF! AIN'T A **CHANCE** OF THE KID SLIPPIN' BY!

THIS HERE IS THE **ONLY PASS** TO ARROWHEAD CREEK, AND WE GOT IT BOXED UP SO TIGHT THAT A **RABBIT** COULDN'T GIT BY US!

THEY'RE SURE TALKIN' THE TRUTH! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION OF ME GETTIN' PAST THOSE HOMBRES... BUT I **GOTTA TRY** IT!

STEEL, BOY, YOU STAY HERE TILL THE POSSE'S GONE! THEN COME INTO TOWN **AFTER** ME-- **IF'N I MAKE** IT!

THE SHERIFF IS ABOUT **MY SIZE!** IF I CAN JUST GET HIM AWAY FROM THE **OTHERS** FOR A MINUTE!

MY ONE CHANCE IS THE FACT THAT THERE ARE SO **MANY** HOMBRES HERE! HE'S NOT APT TO RECOGNIZE **ALL** THEIR VOICES!

SHERIFF, CAN YUH CLIMB UP HERE QUIET-LIKE?? I THINK I CAN SEE THE **KID**, YONDER!

HUH?

I'M COMIN' **RIGHT UP,** AMIGO! THIS IS A GREAT STROKE OF LUCK, IF YUH REALLY **DO** SEE THE KID!

YOU'RE LUCKY, TOO, SHERIFF-- BECAUSE NOW **YOU** SEE ME! DON'T MAKE A SOUND!

IT-IT'S ***YOU!***

SILENTLY, SWIFTLY, ONLY SCANT INCHES AWAY FROM THE HEAVILY ARMED, UNSUSPECTING POSSE, THE KID AND THE SHERIFF CHANGE CLOTHES... THE KID KNOWING THAT ONE MISSTEP ON HIS PART WILL MEAN HIS VERY LIFE!

LUCKY FOR ME I'VE GOT SUCH A FEARFUL REPUTATION! THE SHERIFF THINKS I'D SHOOT HIM IF HE CRIED OUT! THAT'S WHAT I COUNTED ON! BECAUSE IF HE **DID** CRY OUT, I'D BE LOST! I COULD **NEVER** SHOOT A LAWMAN!

NOW KEEP YORE HAT LOW DOWN ON YORE HEAD AND REMEMBER --I'M HOLDIN' THIS SIX-SHOOTER EVERY MINUTE!

YUH'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, KID! IT'S **MADNESS!**

PUT UP YORE GUNS, BOYS! I CAUGHT THE KID **MUHSELF!**

LOOK! IT'S THE **SHERIFF!**

HE'S GOT THE KID!

HOW'D YUH **DO** IT, SHERIFF? WE DIDN'T HEAR A **SOUND!**

NEVER THOUGHT THE KID WOULD BE TAKEN WITHOUT A SHOOT-OUT!

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! RIGHT NOW, LET'S GIT TO TOWN-- **PRONTO!**

IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING EVENTS IN THE LEGENDARY LIFE OF KID COLT! SURROUNDED BY MORE THAN A DOZEN POSSEMEN, HE BRAZENLY RODE INTO THE HOSTILE TOWN OF ARROWHEAD CREEK, WITH THE **REAL** SHERIFF SITTING DUMFOUNDED AT HIS SIDE!

WHY ARE YUH **DOING** IT, KID? WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT TO YUH ABOUT GETTING TO ARROWHEAD CREEK?

IF I **TOLD** YUH, YUH WOULDN'T **BELIEVE** ME, SHERIFF!

FINALLY, IN FRONT OF THE SMALL TOWN JAIL...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, I WON'T BE **NEEDIN'** YUH ANY MORE! I RECKON I CAN HAUL THIS RIP-SNORTER INTO THE JAIL 'CROSS THE STREET BY MUH-SELF!

HAW HAW! RECKON YUH **SHORE** CAN, SHERIFF! ANY HOMBRE COULD CAPTURE THE KID SINGLE-HANDED, SHORE DON'T NEED NO HELP TO WALK 'IM ACROSS THE STREET!

COUNTY JAIL

NOW, SHERIFF, I'M GONNA LOCK YUH IN THIS CELL FOR THE NIGHT! BY TOMORROW MORNING, I'LL BE CLEAN OUTTA TOWN, AND YUH'LL NEVER HEAR OF ME AGAIN!

JUST AS I **THOUGHT!** YORE PLANNIN' ONE BIG JOB HERE IN ARROWHEAD CREEK, EH? THE BANK, MOST LIKELY! WELL, I **WARN** YUH, KID! I'LL FOLLOW YUH! I'LL **NEVER** STOP TRACKIN' YUH DOWN!

I WUZ RIGHT! HE'S HEADIN' RIGHT FOR THE BANK! PROBABLY IN CAHOOTS WITH THE BUTLER BOYS! PROBABLY JOININ' UP WITH THEM TO ROB THE BANK!

YES, THE KID **DID** HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE BANK! AND THERE, IN THE QUIET, DIMLY-LIT STREET, HE CONCEALED HIMSELF, WAITING--WATCHING --FOR **WHAT**???

THEY SHOULD BE ALONG 'MOST **ANY MINUTE** NOW!

AND THEN, SUDDENLY...

HERE THEY **COME!** **THE BUTLER BOYS!**

YAHOO! THE STREETS ARE EMPTY! EVERYTHING'S **PERFECT!**

WHEN YUH TOSS THAT DYNAMITE AT THE DOOR OF THE BANK, PARDNER, BE SURE YUH DON'T **MISS!**

WHILE ONE OF THE BUTLERS DISMOUNTED, GUN IN HAND, TO MEET ANY RESISTANCE, THE OTHER DESPERADO HURLED THE FLAMING STICK OF DYNAMITE SQUARELY AT THE BANK DOOR!

AND IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT, THAT ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING, UNBELIEVABLE EXHIBITIONS OF GUNMANSHIP EVER REPORTED, TOOK PLACE! THERE, IN THE SEMI-GLOOM, IN THE SPACE OF A SINGLE SPLIT-SECOND, KID COLT WHIPPED OUT HIS GUN AND FIRED ONCE... HIS SINGLE SHELL SPLITTING THE NIGHT AIR AND PIERCING THE DYNAMITE'S FUSE, RENDING IT USELESS!

I MUSTN'T MISS-- I MUSTN'T!

CRACK!

SPLITTER

WHAT HAPPENED?? WHAT WUZ THAT?

THERE! IN THE SHADOWS! A MAN WITH A GUN!

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! BLAST 'IM!

BUT HOW DO YOU "BLAST" A TARGET WHICH MOVES ALMOST FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW? A TARGET WHOSE BLAZING COLTS ARE MORE ACCURATE, MORE SWIFT, THAN ANY MAN DREAMED A GUN COULD BE! A TARGET WHO HAS SURVIVED COUNT-LESS GUN BATTLES BECAUSE HE COULD THINK FASTER, SHOOT STRAIGHTER, AND FIGHT HARDER THAN ANY OTHER MAN OF THE WEST! A TARGET NAMED ***KID COLT!***

MY FIRST JOB IS TO DISARM THOSE TWO JASPERS!

CRACK!

CRACK!

HE--HE SHOT THE GUN OUTTA MUH HAND!

ME TOO! BUT WE'RE STILL TWO AGIN' ONE! RUSH 'IM!

I WUZ HOPIN' YUH'D TRY THAT!

OOOF!

POW!

NOBODY INTERFERES WITH THE BUTLER BOYS' PLANS, HOMBRE!

NOBODY-- 'CEPTIN' KID COLT!

K-KID COLT??!!

SHOTS! FROM THE BANK! IF THAT BLASTED COLT HAS KILLED ANYONE, I'LL MAKE 'IM PAY FOR IT IF I SPEND MUH LIFE TRACKIN' 'IM DOWN!

WHA--? SOME-ONE'S RUNNIN' THIS WAY!

YUH WON'T HAVETA WORRY ABOUT KID COLT ANY MORE, SHERIFF! HERE ARE YORE CLOTHES BACK! JUST TOSS HIS OUT TO ME!

PRAISE BE! SOME-ONE STOPPED THE KID! I'LL GIT OUTTA THESE DUDS FASTER'N A JACKRABBIT, AMIGO!

BANK

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

IT WAS KID COLT, SHERIFF! HE CAPTURED THE BUTLER BOYS AND HANDED 'EM OVER TO US BEFORE WE KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED!

HE SAID THAT'S WHY HE HADDA COME TO TOWN! HE HEARD THE BUTLER'S PLANNING THIS JOB, AND HAD TO STOP 'EM!

HE KNEW ALL OUR LIFE SAVINGS WERE IN THIS BANK!

THEN--THEN IF YUH DIDN'T GIT THE KID, WHO GAVE ME MUH CLOTHES? WHO--?

IT WAS HIM! HE RISKED HIS NECK TO COME TO TOWN, KNOWIN' WE WANTED TO GUN 'IM DOWN! AND ALL HE WUZ AFTER WAS TO SAVE OUR BANK!

AND FOLKS CALL HIM AN OUTLAW!

HOMBRES, LOOK REAL GOOD AT THAT COWBOY RIDIN' OFF! WE MAY NEVER SEE ANOTHER WHO CAN MEASURE UP TO 'IM!

STRETCH THOSE LEGS, STEEL! OUR WORK IS DONE HERE! LET'S RIDE!

THE END

Your big opportunity to walk into Something Good!

Wouldn't you be happier with a job that not only is secure and highly paid, but also offers a splendid opportunity to go in business? The fast-growing refrigeration and air conditioning industry meets this requirement. It can use 20,000 newly-trained mechanics every year. *It needs you.* Refrigeration is so widely used in the home, in industry, and in transportation, that opportunities exist almost everywhere. You may become established right in your own community. For complete information on how to get into this lucrative field, fill out and mail coupon.

Enjoy the prestige of a service engineer

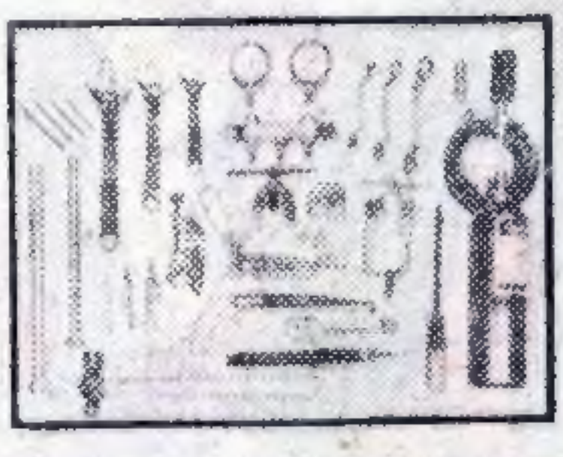
Few colleges offer courses in air conditioning. Therefore, industry chooses its service engineers from the ranks of well-trained technicians. What a wonderful way to gain *professional* status—and greater income—without benefit of a college degree!

CTI has the *practical* way to train you for success in Refrigeration — Air Conditioning

As in anything else, there are short-cuts to getting ahead. In the refrigeration field, the short-cut is CTI Home Training. There is no other training like it. Only CTI home study is *practical*. Only CTI sends all parts and tools to build the condensing unit illustrated at right. You run many experiments—go through the trouble-shooting and repair techniques you'll encounter on the job.

How CTI students earn money as they train

Many students, after a few lessons, earn extra cash by installing and fixing refrigeration and air conditioning units. Some work evenings and weekends for local dealers; others establish service routes which include restaurants, motels, meat markets, supermarkets, etc. This is possible because CTI training is *practical*—equips the student to do field work. CTI training can pay its way—start you in business while you're still a student! Others have done it. You can too!

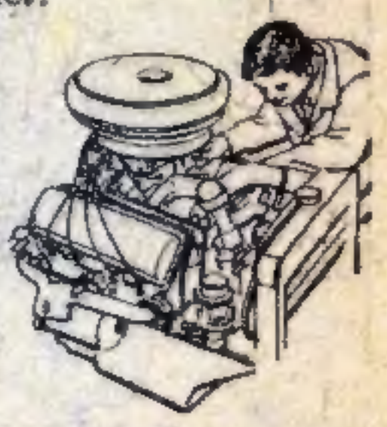


You gain experience as you train, because you learn by practicing. You get mechanic's tools and special equipment (left), as well as all parts to assemble a heavy-duty, commercial-type, ¼ h.p. condensing unit (above). Then you can build a refrigerator, air conditioner, freezer or milk cooler.

PROOF! Read these letters from CTI men

"I'm in the refrigeration business for myself now. I earn nearly double what I used to. During my training, I made enough to pay my tuition."—*Alfred Helm, Ky.*... "I've started a business and it's a success."—*Otto Degner, Canada* ... "I am in business for myself. I am building a nice trade doing service work."—*Paulie Waters, Tex.* ... "I applied for a job to install air conditioners in autos and got it."—*Richard Vinet, La.*... "Your refrigeration training helped me get repair jobs after only twelve of your lessons."—*Frank Green, W. Va.*

New auto air conditioning field is loaded with business opportunities



Each year over 500,000 autos are equipped with air conditioners. Experts say the figure should double in a few years. There's a severe shortage of technicians. Strong need in many areas for repair shops, too. Sell, install and service auto air conditioners for top profit! Go in business for yourself.

Invest a postage stamp in your future — Mail coupon

There are more refrigerators than autos, TV sets, radios or washing machines in America. The field is big and uncrowded, with less competition for the rewarding jobs. It offers a challenge to the younger man in search of a future ... and dignified work to the older man who craves security. Let CTI send you its opportunity booklets. They contain vital information about the industry and CTI training. Then decide if the refrigeration and air conditioning industry meets your career needs. Mail coupon for catalog and lesson samples. No obligation whatever.

Expect the best—and get it!

Your career is in safe hands when you rely on CTI for a technical education. This progressive institute, which specializes in home study, was the first to offer kits to build a condenser. CTI lessons are kept up-to-date, well illustrated, understandable. You get better and more intensive training through CTI. Mail coupon and see for yourself!

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Send catalog, Success in Air Conditioning & Refrigeration, and Lesson Sample. Both FREE.

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THE WILDEST COWBOY IN THE WILD WEST!

TWO-GUN KID

WHERE THE TWO-GUN KID WALKED, MEN TREMBLED! NONE WERE AS FAST ON THE DRAW, AS FURIOUS IN A FIGHT, AS FEARLESS IN THE FACE OF DOOM! BUT THERE WAS **ONE** TIME WHEN THE KID TURNED AND CRAWLED AWAY FROM A CHALLENGE! THIS IS THE STORY OF THAT INCREDIBLE INCIDENT...

LOOK! IT'S THE **TWO-GUN KID!** I'D KNOW HIM **ANY-WHERE!**

WHAT'S **HE** DOIN' IN THESE PARTS?

I DUNNO--BUT I DON'T WANNA **BE** HERE WHEN HE DOES IT!

LOOK AT THE WAY HIS GUNS ARE HANGIN'! NOBODY BETTER MAKE A FALSE MOVE! THAT HOMBRE'S LOADED UP FOR BEAR!

"WHEN THE KID CRAWLED AWAY!"

IF YORE THRU STARIN', MISTER, I'D LIKE SOME SERVICE! I BEEN RIDIN' A LONG WAY, AND I'M POWERFUL HUNGRY!

YESSIR! SURE! RIGHT AWAY, KID, RIGHT AWAY!

Stan Lee-Steve

T-792

BUT, WHEREVER THE **WOLVES** APPEARED, THE **JACKALS** WERE ALSO SURE TO TURN UP! THERE WAS ALWAYS ONE SWAGGERING BULLY IN TOWN WHO WOULD TRY TO MAKE HIMSELF A REP BY DEFEATING A FAMOUS GUN! AND SO IT WAS THIS DAY...

SO **YORE** THE TWO-GUN KID! YUH DON'T LOOK LIKE SO MUCH TO **ME!**

NOTHING ANGERS A BULLY SO MUCH AS **INDIFFERENCE!** THE KID DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO ANSWER HIM! HE JUST TURNED HIS BACK!

LOOK AT ME WHEN I TALK TO YUH, YUH YELLOW COYOTE!

THUMP

SLOWLY THE KID TURNED, STILL SAYING NOTHING, BUT HIS EYES WERE COLD AND HARD AS ROUGH-HEWN GRANITE, AND HIS STEEL-SINEWED MUSCLES WERE TENSED UNDER HIS DUSTY CLOTHES!

AND THEN, WITH THE SPEED OF A MADDENED RATTLER, HE **STRUCK!**

WHAPP

I'LL GIT YUH...!!

DROP THAT GUN!

WAK

WHAT HAPPENED HERE? WHO **DID** THIS?

UH OH! WE'RE IN FOR TROUBLE NOW! THE MAYOR SAW WHAT HAPPENED!

MAYOR GREY WON'T STAND FOR NO FIGHTIN' **NOHOW!**

I **SAW** WHAT HAPPENED STRANGER! THIS IS A PEACEFUL TOWN, AND WE HAVE **JAILS** FOR TROUBLE-MAKERS!

YORE WASTIN' YORE BREATH, MISTER! NO JAIL'S BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD **ME!** NOW SKEE-DADDLE AWAY-- I'M HUNGRY!

WE'LL **SEE** ABOUT THAT! GO FETCH MY **SON!** AS LONG AS HE'S **SHERIFF** OF THIS TOWN, **HE'LL** WHITTLE THAT STRANGER DOWN TO SIZE!

BUT, MAYOR GREY, THAT'S NO ORDINARY SADDLE-TRAMP! THAT'S THE **TWO-GUN KID!**

I DON'T CARE IF HE'S BUFFALO BILL! I SAID **GIT MY SON!** OR I'LL GIT HIM **MYSELF!**

ALL RIGHT, MR. GREY, IT'S UP TO **YOU!** BUT TOM NEVER STOOD UP TO NO HOMBRE LIKE THE **KID** BEFORE! YOU **KNOW** THAT YOUR **BOY'S** A **WEAKLING!**

DON'T LET ME EVER HEAR YUH SAY THAT AGAIN, DO YUH HEAR! **NEVER!** TOM'LL RUN THAT GUN-SLINGER OUTTA TOWN, OR HE'S NO SON OF **MINE!**

SHORE, AMIGO-- SHORE! IF THAT'S THE WAY YUH **WANT** IT!

AND SO, NOT LONG AFTERWARDS...

FUNNY HOW A MAN'S REPUTATION DOGS HIS STEPS! FOLKS JUST WON'T LET ME LIVE PEACEABLE IF'N I **WANTED** TO!

RECKON YORE AS RIGHT AS RAIN, KID!

TOO BAD THAT MAYOR OF YORES GOT HISSELF SO EXCITED! HE **SEEMED** LIKE A NICE ENUFF OLD GENT!

HE **IS**, KID! IT'S JUST THAT HIS SON TOM IS NO GOOD! BUT THE OLD MAN DON'T REALIZE IT --OR LEASTWAYS WON'T **ADMIT** IT!

HERE COMES THE SHERIFF NOW!

YEAH, WITH HIS **PAW** BEHIND HIM!

TO STOP HIM FROM RUNNIN' AWAY, MOST LIKELY!

WELL, RECKON WE'LL BE APPOINTIN' A **NEW** SHERIFF AFTER THIS!

WH-WHERE'S THE TWO-GUN KID??

YORE **LOOKIN'** AT HIM, LAWMAN! SO SUPPOSE YUH STATE YORE BUSINESS!

THE **KID!!!**

I RECKON YORE GONNA TELL ME TO LEAVE TOWN...OR ELSE YUH'LL **CHASE** ME OUT, EH??

WELL, EH--I--EH --JUST WANTED TO **TALK** TO YUH...

GO ON, SON! SHOW HIM YORE NOT AFRAID! SHOW 'EM ALL! STAND **UP** TO HIM, BOY! SHOW 'EM **MY** BOY ISN'T AFRAID!

I WILL, PAW... I WILL...

HERE IT COMES, BOYS!
HEAD FOR COVER!
HURRY! THIS WON'T TAKE LONG!
NEVER THOUGHT THE SHERIFF WOULD REALLY DO IT!

AND THEN, IT HAPPENED! IF THE SALOON ITSELF HAD MIRACULOUSLY TURNED INTO A MISSISSIPPI SHOWBOAT, THE INCREDULOUS ONLOOKERS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE ASTONISHED THAN THEY WERE BY THE UNEXPECTED SIGHT THAT MET THEIR EYES!
HOLD ON NOW, SHERIFF! I DIDN'T COME HERE LOOKIN' FOR NO TROUBLE! I-I'LL GO PEACEABLE!
YUH WILL?

I NEVER DID LIKE THIS TOWN NOHOW!
YUH DID IT, BOY! YUH DID IT! NOW THEY'LL KNOW MY SON'S A REAL MAN--A' REAL SHERIFF!

GOTTA HAND IT TO YUH, SHERIFF! THAT TOOK REAL NERVE! RECKON WE HAD YUH JUDGED ALL WRONG, TOM!
MEBBE I HAD MYSELF JUDGED ALL WRONG, TOO! BUT FROM NOW ON, I'M GONNA BE THE KIND OF LAWMAN MY PAW WANTS ME TO BE! I SWEAR IT!

LET'S RIDE, CYCLONE! DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED THAT I DIDN'T OUTDRAW 'IM, AMIGO! THAT WOULDA BEEN THE EASY THING TO DO! RECKON WHAT I DID WAS A LOT HARDER!

MEBBE IT WAS BECAUSE HIS FATHER LOOKED LIKE MY PAW... MEBBE I WANTED TO MAKE SOME OTHER FATHER PROUD OF HIS SON... MEBBE MY PAW WAS WATCHIN' SOMEWHERE--AND IS HAPPY AT WHAT I DID!

YES, MANY ARE THE TALL MEN OF THE WEST, AND MANY ARE THE LEGENDS WHICH SURROUND THEM! BUT NONE STANDS SO STRAIGHT AND TALL AS THE ONE WHO BENDS DOWN TO HELP ANOTHER!

THE END

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BIKE SPEEDOMETER
READS UP TO 30 M.P.H.

See how fast your riding! Time yourself in racing and see if you can better your top speed. No gears, no complicated mechanism. Fasten to handle bars and go. Easy to install.

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YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH

Master Jui Jitsu and you'll win any fight. This book gives all the grips, blocks, etc. which are so effective in counterattack. FREE book on how to perform strong man stunts also included.

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The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation." Absolutely harmless

No. 239 Only 50¢

SURPRISE PACKAGE

Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get, but because you're willing to gamble, we'll give you more than your money's worth.

No. 678 Only 50¢

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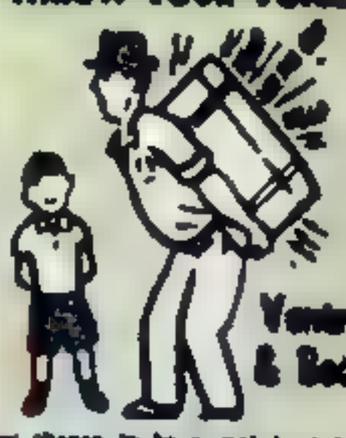

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Looks just like real sugar, but that's where the resemblance stops. When its dropped in liquids, they overflow and form clouds of suds. Seems as though it'll never stop.

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No. 247 50¢

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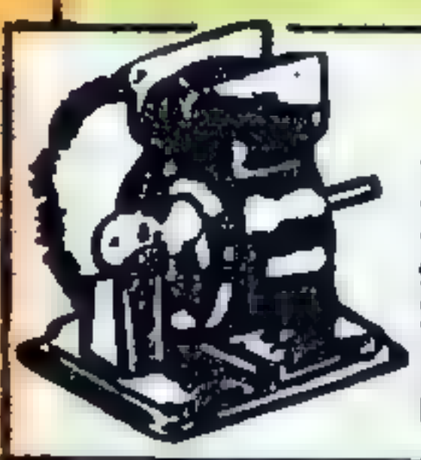

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Yes, now you can have an actual electric motor for just 50¢. It sounds unbelievable, but it's true. This compact little kit makes it a cinch to build this high power unit. And the fun you're going to get driving your model planes, boats, etc. Comes complete with easy to follow instructions for assembly.

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Special pill that when lighted forms 1 ft. snake. Has a stunning effect on the viewer. Can be done casually, or as a special trick.

Box of 10

NO. 524 ..... 20¢

24" RUBBER SNAKE

A gigantic 24" snake that will coil and seem to be alive! Throw it into a crowd and watch the fun start

Postpaid 51.98

BLACK EYE JOKE

Show them the "naughty" pictures inside. They'll twist it and turn it to see, but all they do is blacken their eyes.

No. 216 ..... 25¢

ATOMIC SMOKE BOMB

Just light one and watch the column of thick, white smoke rise to the ceiling, mushrooming into a dense cloud. Just like an A Bomb.

No. 971 ..... 20¢

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Just place one of these on the end of a burning cigarette, and watch the snow fly. It'll create a real indoor snow blizzard.

NO. 045..... per pkg. 20¢

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Precision camera so small, it fits in cigarette pack
Weighs 2½ ounces and takes 10 pictures per roll.
Precision ground lens and time exposure shutter
Can be hidden anywhere
Complete with free roll of film

NO. 788 1.98

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Start Seeing Results in Just 30 Days

Pocket Gym will develop your chest, bicep, triceps, neck, shoulders, stomach and legs. In just 30 days, you'll begin to earn the respect of all your friends—the admiration of all the girls. You'll keep fit and fear no one.

001 ..... 1.00

HOT CANDY

Looks like regular candy, but it sure doesn't taste like it. Burns their mouth when they eat it.

Pkg. of 3

NO. 022 ..... 12¢

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Dip the ends of a cigarette into this tobacco—colored powder, and watch the fun—is it bitter!

NO. 026 ..... 20¢

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FANTASTIC! Looks exactly like what jungle head hunters prepare. Something new and startling to hang in your car, or in your room. A horrible and unusual gift in a box.

617 ..... 75¢

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Sucker starts chewing this ordinary-looking gum and his mouth and teeth turn black. It's awful but harmless.

NO. 570 ..... 25¢

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Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

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☐ I enclose _____ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

THE STALLION'S REVENGE

WHEN GRANT GRECO BOUGHT NIGHTFIRE, HE KNEW HE WAS BUYING THE BEST PIECE OF HORSEFLESH IN SAGE COUNTY — BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE WAS ALSO BUYING HIMSELF A SLICE OF FOUR-FOOTED **JUSTICE!**

ALL RIGHT, GRECO, YUH CAN **HAVE** NIGHTFIRE! I GOTTA SELL HIM TO YUH BECAUSE YORE THE ONLY HOMBRE IN THESE PARTS WHO CAN **AFFORD** HIM! BUT I'D RATHER SELL 'IM TO ANYONE ELSE THAN TO **YOU!**

I AIN'T ASKIN' FOR NO SERMONS, MISTER! I PAID MUH MONEY AND NOW HE'S MINE! SO STAND OUTTA MUH WAY AFORE I TRAMPLE YUH!

Stan Lee

NIGHTFIRE WAS SPIRITED, AND HE WAS PROUD! THE MAGNIFICENT BLACK STALLION REFUSED TO BE TAMED! BUT GRANT GRECO COULDN'T BEAR TO HAVE **ANYTHING** DEFY HIM!

I'LL BREAK YUH, YUH HEAR? I'LL BREAK YUH IF'N IT TAKES ALL YEAR! I'LL BREAK YUH IF'N I HAVETA **KILL** YUH TO DO IT!

F-793

AFTER MORE THAN TWO MONTHS, THE SPIRITED STALLION HAD LOST MANY POUNDS, DUE TO LACK OF FEEDING--HIS COAT WHICH HAD ONCE BEEN SLEEK WAS MATTED, AND DULL, AND HIS HIDE BORE MARKS OF GRECO'S WHIP! BUT STILL THE PROUD BEAST WAS UNTAMED! STILL HIS SPIRIT HAD NOT BEEN CONQUERED!

MISTER GRECO, WHY DON'T YUH GIVE UP? YORE JUST ABOUT KILLIN' THAT POOR ANIMAL!

SHUT YORE LIP, SLIM! I PAY YUH TO WORK FOR ME, NOT GIVE ME ADVICE!

SO YUH STILL DEFY ME, EH? ALL RIGHT, YUH ORNERY CAYUSE! I WON'T FEED YUH AGAIN TODAY! SOONER OR LATER YUH'LL LEARN WHO'S BOSS AROUND HERE!

GRECO, I PLUMB QUIT! I CAN STAND LOTSA THINGS, BUT NOT A HOMBRE WHO'S CRUEL TO A DUMB ANIMAL! THERE JUST AIN'T NOTHIN LOWER THAN THAT!

NO HOMBRE CAN TALK TO **ME** LIKE THAT!

HE'S MY HOSS! I'LL DO WHAT I WANT TO HIM--AND TO ANYONE **ELSE**, TOO!

GRECO, I'M GONNA TEACH YUH A LESSON NOW THAT YUH'LL **NEVER** FORGET!

THE COWHAND DON'T LIVE WHO CAN LAY A HAND ON GRANT, GRECO!

KA-POW!

WHA-WHAT DID I DO?? I SHOT 'IM! IF'N HE DIES, I'M A **MURDERER**! I GOTTA RUN! GOTTA LEAVE THE STATE AFORE THE LAW CATCHES ME! I'LL RIDE NIGHTFIRE! NO OTHER HOSS IN THESE PARTS CAN CATCH 'IM!

I'M DOIN' IT! HE'S FINALLY TAMED! I'VE **WON**! **NOBODY** CAN CATCH ME NOW!

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT THEY RODE--MAN, AND STALLION, ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, UNTIL FINALLY, WHEN THEY WERE DEEP INTO THE HEART OF THE DESERT COUNTRY...

NIGHTFIRE! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YUH SNORTIN' THAT-AWAY? I'M YORE MASTER! I GENTLED YUH! YUH **CAN'T** TRY TO BUCK NOW!

NO! **NOOOO**! HELP!

NEIGHHHH!

COME BACK! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! THE SUN'S COMIN' UP! NO MAN CAN SURVIVE IN THE DESERT WITHOUT A HOSS! COME BACK--NIGHTFIRE--COME BACK!

TO THIS DAY, MEN IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY ARGUE OVER WHETHER IT ALL WORKED OUT AS THE STALLION PLANNED--THEY ARGUE WHETHER A HORSE CAN PLAN REVENGE, EVEN AS A HUMAN CAN! BUT WHETHER IT WAS PLANNED OR WHETHER IT JUST HAPPENED THAT WAY, GRANT GRECO WAS NEVER HEARD OF AGAIN! AS FOR SLIM, THE WOUNDED COWBOY SOON RECOVERED AND CLAIMED THE STALLION WHO HAD RETURNED TO HIM AS HIS OWN!

LOOK, DOC! IT'S NIGHTFIRE! HE'S COME BACK!

SON, I HAVE A FEELIN' HE'LL NEVER RUN OFF AGAIN!

THE END

LOOK AT
SKINNY!
I wouldn't be seen with him!
LATER
..AND HE USED TO BE SO SKINNY!
AM I PROUD OF THE WAY THE GIRLS LOOK AT YOU!
WHAT A MAN!

SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day!** Or **your money back!** Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're **underweight*** . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can **put on up to a pound a day** of **attractive weight** without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs . . . you **eat it like candy!** Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain **4-way** MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just $1.00 or a 30 day supply for only $2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and **weight to gain!** Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wallflower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! **Gain more weight!**

10-DAY SUPPLY ONLY $1.

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Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough; give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

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Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

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403 Market Street, Newark, N. J.
Just mail us your name and address, and $1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ **Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for $2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.**

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CITY.....**STATE**.....

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

ONLY ONE MAY LIVE!

THE GREAT DESERT! MERCILESS, SILENT, DEADLY! NONE CAN ENTER ITS GRIM DOMAIN EXCEPT DESPERATE MEN! AND **THESE** THREE MEN **WERE** DESPERATE! WITH A POSSE HOT ON THEIR TRAIL--WITH NO PLACE ELSE TO TURN--THEY THUNDERED INTO THE DESERT--**WITH ONLY ONE CANTEEN OF WATER AMONG THEM!**

Stan Lee

THIS IS CRAZY--WE'LL ALL DIE OF THIRST IN THE DESERT!

SHUDDUP, YUH SNIVILLIN' COWARD! DO YUH WANNA STAY **HERE** AND LET THE **POSSE** CATCH US?

BUT, GRIZZLY--YORE THE ONLY ONE WITH WATER! **YORE** CANTEEN DON'T HOLD ENUFF FOR THE **THREE** OF US!

T-756 KIRBY and AYERS

DON'T WHINE ABOUT WATER TO ME! IT AIN'T MY FAULT THAT THE TWO OF YUH DROPPED YORE OWN CANTEENS DURING THE GUN FIGHT!

'SIDES, I NEED THE WATER--ON ACCOUNTA MUH WOUND!

BETTER REST, GRIZZLY! YORE LOSIN' A POWERFUL LOT OF BLOOD!

SURE--YUH'D **LIKE** ME TO STOP, WOULDN'T YUH! SO'S YUH COULD JUMP ME AND TAKE MY CANTEEN! NO! WE KEEP RIDING!

AND RIDE THEY DID--UNDER THE BURNING, BLAZING SUN--OVER THE SCORCHING SANDS --AS GRIZZLY GREW WEAKER--PALER--MORE DIZZY FROM THE LOSS OF BLOOD!

UNTIL FINALLY...

I-I CAN'T KEEP MUH SADDLE-- I--UGH!

SCAR! **LOOK!**

HIS CANTEEN! GET HIS CANTEEN!

I CAN ALMOST TASTE THE WATER NOW!

STAY BACK--YOU VULTURES! YUH--YUH WON'T GET MY WATER!

LOOK OUT!

CAUTIOUSLY, NERVOUSLY, THE TWO DESPERADOS WAITED JUST BEYOND GUNSHOT DISTANCE-- WAITED FOR GRIZZLY'S WOUND TO FINISH HIM OFF!

I KNOW WHAT YORE WAITIN' FOR! BUT I'LL FOOL YUH! I'LL FOOL YUH **BOTH!**

GRIZZLY-- BE REASONABLE-- YUH GOTTA LET US HAVE A DRINK! WE CAN'T STAY HERE LIKE THIS! THE POSSE'LL BE FINDIN' US SOON!

LET 'EM FIND US! HAW! HAW! HAW! LEASTWAYS **I** WON'T DIE **THIRSTY!**

I CAN'T STAND IT NO MORE! I'M GONNA **RUSH** 'IM!

DON'T BE A FOOL! HE'LL GIT YUH BEFORE YUH GOT WITHIN TWENTY FEET OF 'IM!

I DON'T CARE! I AIN'T GONNA DIE OF THIRST! I **AIN'T!**

STAY BACK! ***BACK!***

I **WARNED** YUH!

HAH! YUH MISSED! I GOT IT NOW! I GOT IT!

NO!-- NO!

WAIT! SAVE SOME FOR ME! DON'T DRINK IT ALL!

I-I CAN'T HOLD GUN NO LONGER--CAN'T--

LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL! YOU'RE SPILLING IT!

IT'S FOR ME! I GOTTA HAVE SOME WATER! I GOTTA!

NO! LOOK WHAT YOU DID!

IT'S GONE! IT'S ALL GONE!

THE SILENT AIR WAS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY THE SOUND OF SHRILL, MIRTHLESS LAUGHTER! HYSTERICAL, FUTILE LAUGHTER! THE SOUND OF DESPAIR --OF DEFEAT! THEY WERE STILL LAUGHING WHEN THE POSSE REIGNED UP-- STILL LAUGHING AS THEY WERE TAKEN BACK TO FACE JUSTICE! THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE WINNER WHEN DESPERADO CHALLENGES THE DESERT-- THE ENDING IS EVER THE SAME!

THE END

THE TENDERFOOT

CLOVER CITY's crowded streets were buzzing about the news. Only three months had passed since the stranger had swept into town, loaded up with provisions at Luke Day's general store and headed for the rugged hills hemming in the sleepy Colorado settlement. Now everybody was seething with get-rich-quick-fever. Not since pioneer days had anyone made a big "strike", and now that the word had gotten out, grizzled prospectors were pouring in once more to stock up and stake a claim in the surrounding territory.

Saturday was normally a busy day in Clover City. Most of the ranchers came in to replenish supplies and swap stories about bygone days with the proprietors, while the cowhands rode into town for a little merrymaking off the spread. But today, the only topic of conversation was the story that leaked out of the assay office about the stranger's sensational strike. All over town, people were gathered in small excited groups, exchanging bits of information and speculating wildly about the size of the strike.

Bruce Russell could hardly restrain his impatience until his father finished his weekly marketing and headed for the cluster of cowboys around Luke Day's place. Luke had an attentive audience, and he relished his role as the only man who had contact with the mysterious stranger.

"He wasn't one to waste any words," Luke was saying. "He just ambled in before closing time, and without as much as a 'Howdy, stranger', he handed me a slip of paper with a list of provisions he wanted. Then he stood there as silent as midnight while I filled the order, and he didn't even thank me when I loaded all the stuff on the buckboard."

"Did he tell you where he was headed or what he was aiming to dig for?" one cowpuncher asked.

"Nope, and I ain't one to pry," Luke said haughtily. "Matter of fact, I never reckoned he was a prospector. He laid in a store of general supplies, and I never figgered that he wanted the shovels, the pick, or the pans for diggin'. 'Sides, nobody's made any sizable strike on silver or gold since the turn of the century. I reckon no one woulda suspected anyone of prospectin' 'round these parts.

"I did pass some remarks about the weather and sorta wondered out loud why he was stockin' up so heavy, but he didn't bite. Then, when I began to angle about where he was pitchin' camp or if he was stoppin' off with some friends at one of the ranches outside of town, he just took out a moneybelt and began to flash some crisp new greenbacks. I took the hint and told him what he owed me. He barely nodded when I gave him change from the wad of bills he handed me and went outside where he had this new buckboard and a packhorse tied to the post. Last I saw of him, he was headed up the street toward the west hills."

Bruce's mind was working overtime. He had heard his father relate tales of the old gold rush days, and he had listened with fascination. Now, the old excitement was returning to the West and he was right in the middle of it. The thrills that had belonged to the pioneers and early settlers were now his to enjoy in real life. No longer would he have to only listen to the older hands tell about the past while they gathered around a roaring fire on the range.

The stranger captured his imagination. He had to know more about him . . . if he was an old-timer with lots of mining savvy or just some lone and lucky wrangler who stumbled on some good luck.

"Was he anyone you'd ever seen before, Luke," Bruce asked excitedly. "Maybe one of the hands at an outlying ranch who rarely came into town? Or did he look like one of the tough old prospectors? Or perhaps he was just some husky young fellow who . . ."

"Whoa there, young 'un," Luke laughed. "You're as skittish as a wild colt. Just simmer down and I'll try to answer all your questions . . . that is, if I can remember 'em all," he added with a sly grin.

"It's a funny thing though, now that you mention it," Luke said more seriously. "He struck me like a real green tenderfoot. He was kinda small and slender, not the sorta guy you'd expect to go out prospectin'. No, he wasn't very tough looking, but he sure was tight-lipped!

"The buckboard was new, the gear he had was bright and shiny, and he was dressed like a real dude with Angora chaps and fancy leather boots. The thing that also struck me was a real pretty red neckerchief and soft leather gloves. I didn't pay it much mind at the time, but now I wonder why a prospector wouldn't want heavy work gloves and work pants instead of the dandy outfit the stranger had. Sure is a mighty strange way for a man to go out minin' metal," Luke concluded thoughtfully.

Everybody was silent as this

CONTINUED

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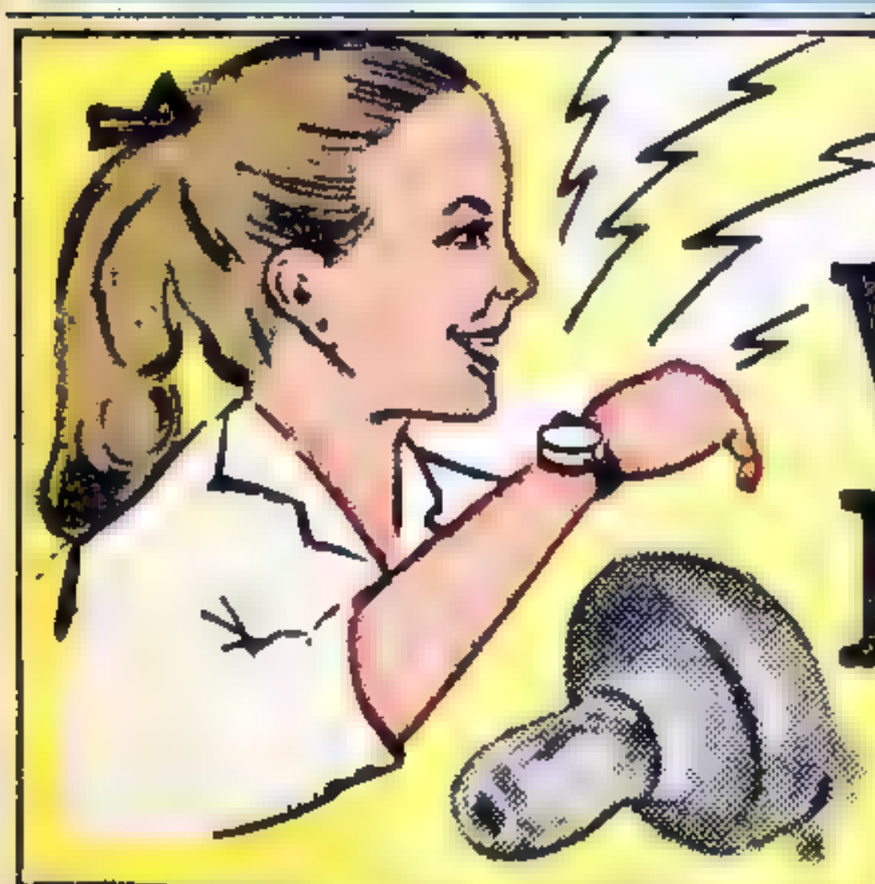

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☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. and shipping charges.

Name_____

Address_____

CONTINUED

information seeped into their minds. Everybody was busy struggling with this tale. Here was an unknown tenderfoot who had come into their midst. He was as green as grass, yet he had struck it rich. And nobody knew who he was, where he came from, or how he had come upon a strike that even the old seasoned prospectors would have scoffed at just a few weeks ago.

"Did the people at the assay office have any more to say, Luke?" Bruce's father asked. "Did they know where he found the gold, or did he seem excited when he brought them the ore to be analyzed?"

"Well, that's another funny thing, Mr. Russell," Luke said slowly. "I don't rightly recall that they mentioned gold or silver. They just told me that the stranger had struck a rich deposit, but they never did say what was in the deposit. And as for the stranger being het up about the discovery, they tell me he was just as mum as a possum with them as he was with me. After they told how good his strike was, he just heeled around and left. No one's seen him since, but they know his claim stake is up near Buffalo Bluffs."

After Bruce and his father got back to their ranch, Bruce tried to contain his excitement. But it was no use. The stranger and his strike occupied his thoughts completely. He decided that he wouldn't be able to rest until he met the stranger and heard his story in person. But first he had to have his father's permission.

"Dad," he said pleadingly, "would you mind if I saddled up and went for a ride up in the hills? I finished all my chores and I'd like . . ."

". . . to investigate this mysterious stranger myself," Mr. Russell finished for him smilingly. "Well, son, I don't see why not. I'd like to hear the real story myself when you get back, because it's hard to tell fact from fancy since Old Luke is the only source.

"Be careful though," he warned. "This stranger is liable to think you're trying to jump his claim. Make sure he doesn't think you're sneaking up on him and let him know right off that you're just a curious kid who's boiling over with imagination."

Bruce spurred his horse until he was riding so swiftly, somebody might have thought he was being chased by bushwhackers. Before long, he was skirting the steep slopes near the stranger's claim stake. Suddenly, he spied a lone figure leaning over a fire in the center of a camp site. The stranger was busily preparing a meal, and as Bruce rode up he heard the

clinking of the metal pans against the rocks surrounding the fire pit.

"Hello," he shouted, heeding his father's words to make sure the stranger was not caught by surprise. He dismounted at a healthy distance and walked slowly up to the campfire. As he came close to the stranger, his mouth dropped open in amazement.

"Why . . . why you're a . . . you're a girl," he stammered in confusion.

"Why are you so surprised," the stranger answered. "Haven't you ever seen a girl before?"

"Well, sure I have," Bruce said, blushing and embarrassed. "It's just that I was told that a young fellow had made the strike . . . Luke Day was telling everybody all about you, and he never said that you were a girl. He just said that you didn't talk to him and that you seemed kinda slender, but . . ."

The stranger laughed merrily. "I was afraid to talk to him or anybody else when I came to town, because it would have been a dead giveaway. Besides, Luke was far too anxious to know all about me, and I couldn't have put him off with one answer."

"But why didn't you want anybody to know you were a girl?" Bruce asked bewilderedly. "Why did you want to fool anybody?"

"I really didn't want to fool anybody," she answered quietly. "But folks would have laughed at me if they knew I was going to try my hand at prospecting. You know how surprised *you* were when you first looked at me and saw me with my hat off and my hair down. Just imagine how the townspeople would have held their sides and roared at the news of a small girl with tender hands running around with a geiger counter and looking for uranium."

"Uranium!" Bruce echoed in surprise. "I thought you were looking for gold."

"Well, I guess everyone else will be surprised, too," she replied. "But you see, I was a geology student at college. I used to go on field trips examining all kinds of earth samples, rocks and ores.

"I knew that our government needed uranium badly, so I decided that I'd go looking in some likely sites after I graduated. I must confess," she concluded modestly, "that I've been very lucky . . . for the government and myself. And now I don't care if the whole town knows that I'm a girl."

Bruce's head was bursting with the news.

"Would you mind, miss, if I sorta headed back now?" he inquired.

"Not at all," she responded with a laugh. "And come back some time and tell me how Luke looked when he found out that I was the tenderest tenderfoot he ever told a tale about."

THE END G-532

STAMPS

GIVEN!

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KID COLT OUTLAW

THE LEGEND OF KID COLT... YEARS AGO, KID COLT KILLED AN OUTLAW IN SELF-DEFENSE! BUT, BEING YOUNG AND FOOLISH, HE FLED, INSTEAD OF STAYING TO STAND TRIAL! SINCE THEN, HE HAS SPENT HIS LIFE TRYING TO ATONE FOR HIS MISTAKE!

LOOK! I'LL BE HAWG-TIED IF'N THAT AIN'T **KID COLT** HISSELF!

BUST MUH BRITCHES! YORE **RIGHT!** THE MOST WANTED OWL-HOOT IN THE WEST, WALKIN' DOWN MAIN STREET JUST AS BIG AS LIFE!

HE DON'T HAVETA WORRY NONE IN **THIS** TOWN! I HEERD TELL HE AIN'T **WANTED** HERE IN PECOS! WE'RE NOT IN THE COUNTY JURISDICTION!

LUCKY THING FOR HIM WE **AIN'T!**

LUCKY THING FOR **US,** MORE'N LIKELY!

IT'S A MIGHTY FINE FEELING TO BE IN A TOWN WHERE THE LAW ISN'T GUNNIN' FOR ME! PLACES LIKE PECOS ARE TOO FEW AND FAR BETWEEN, FOR ME!

ROOMS

"THE GUNS OF DON DRAGO"

ALTHOUGH LAWMEN SOUGHT KID COLT THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE WEST, THERE WERE **SOME** PLACES WHERE HE WASN'T WANTED! THE FRONTIER TOWN OF PECOS WAS ONE SUCH PLACE! BUT NEVERTHELESS, IT **STILL** PROVED TO BE THE SCENE OF ONE OF HIS MOST **DANGEROUS** ADVENTURES!

Stan Lee and JACK KELLER

T-709

THE SHERIFF IS WALKIN' OVER TO ME! WHAT CAN **HE** BE WANTIN'?

KID, I GOT SOMETHIN' TO **ASK** YUH...

DUBBS & SONS

ASSAY

YUH'VE BEEN IN PECOS FOR OVER A WEEK AND YUH'VE KEPT YOUR NOSE CLEAN! I'VE HEARD TOO MANY **GOOD** THINGS ABOUT YUH TO REALLY BELIEVE THAT YORE AN OWLHOOT! AND SO I'M ASKIN' YUH TO **RIDE SHOTGUN** ON THE STAGE RUN TODAY!

ME? RIDE SHOT-GUN!

IT'S CARRYING A VALUABLE SHIPMENT OF **GOLD,** KID! THE REGULAR DRIVER AND GUARD ARE SICK! ONLY MAN WE COULD FIND TO DRIVE IS THAT OLD SOURDOUGH WHO WAS PASSIN' THRU TOWN! HE **NEEDS** A SHOTGUN GUARD!

RECKON YORE RIGHT!

I HEERD YUH WUZ IN TOWN AND I ASKED **SPECIAL** FOR YUH, KID! **DON DRAGO** IS IN THESE HILLS... AND YORE THE ONLY HOMBRE WHO'D HAVE A CHANCE TO OUTGUN HIM!

THAT'S THE TRUTH OF IT, KID! I'M SURE DON DRAGO **KNOWS** ABOUT THIS GOLD SHIP-MENT... AND IT **HAS** TO GET THRU!

I'LL **DO** IT, SHERIFF! BUT I'VE **HEARD** OF THIS DON DRAGO BEFORE! HE'S TRICKY, AND MEAN, AND **FAST!**

THAT'S WHY I FEEL A HEAP BETTER WITH A GUN LIKE **YOU** A'RIDIN' GUARD FOR ME, KID!

I RECKON I'M TAKIN' A BIG **CHANCE,** BUT I CAN TELL THE MEASURE OF A MAN--AND KID COLT WILL DO TO RIDE THE RIVER WITH IN **MY** BOOK **ANY** DAY!

A FEW HOURS OUT OF TOWN...

I SEE WE'VE GOT **NO PASSENGERS** FOR THIS RUN, POP!

THAT'S **RIGHT**, KID! FOLKS ARE JUST PLUMB AFEARED TO RIDE THE STAGE WHEN DON DRAGO IS IN THESE PARTS!

DON'T YOU THINK YORE TAKIN' **JUST** AS MUCH A CHANCE WITH **ME** ON BOARD, POP! YUH KNOW THE REP I GOT!

THAT'S RIGHT, KID! AND THAT'S WHY I **WANT** YUH!

WHAT DO YUH **MEAN**, POP? **SAY!!** WHAT--??!

I'LL BE RIGHT GLAD TO **EXPLAIN**, KID! AS SOON AS YUH RAISE YORE HANDS, SLOW AND EASY-LIKE!

NOW GIT OFF THE STAGE! **PRONTO!**

ARE YUH **LOCO**? AN OLD MAN LIKE **YOU**?? WHAT DO YUH THINK YORE **DOIN'**?

I THINK I'M **ROBBIN'** THE STAGE AND BLAMING IT ON **YOU**, KID! **THAT'S** WHAT!

YOU--YOU'RE **NOT** AN OLD **HOMBRE**...!

THAT'S **RIGHT**, MISTER! **SOME** MEN KNOW ME AS **DON DRAGO**, THE PANTHER OF THE PLAINS!

DON DRAGO !!

AND **NOW**, MY FOOLISH FRIEND, I WILL BID YOU FAREWELL! AFTER I SHOOT YOU, I SHALL HIDE YOUR BODY WHERE IT WILL **NEVER** BE FOUND! PEOPLE WILL THINK **YOU** HAVE ROBBED THE STAGE AND DONE AWAY WITH THE POOR OLD DRIVER!

FROM WHERE **I** STAND, IT'S KINDA HARD TO APPRE-CIATE IT!

IT IS A **BRILLIANT SCHEME**, IS IT NOT?

BUT ENOUGH TALK, KID COLT! I BID YOU NOW--**FAREWELL**!

CLICK!

I **AGREE** WITH YOU, DRAGO! THERE'S BEEN **MUCH TOO** MUCH TALK!

CRACK!

THAT FOOLISH ACT WILL DO YOU **NO GOOD**!

WELL, IT SURE CAN'T DO ME ANY MORE **HARM**!

DON DRAGO WAS **FAST**! AS FAST AS ANY FOE THE KID HAD EVER FACED BEFORE! BUT **NONE** WERE FASTER THAN KID COLT! NONE WERE **WISER**! NONE KNEW AS MANY **TRICKS** WHICH COULD BE PULLED WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN! IN ONE LIGHT-NING-FAST MOVE, A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE DON DRAGO'S FINGER COULD SQUEEZE HIS TRIGGER AGAIN, THE KID HURLED HIMSELF TO ONE SIDE, SO THAT FOR THE SECOND TIME, A SHELL WHISTLED HARMLESSLY OVER HIS HEAD...

CRACK!

AND, IN THE SAME MOTION, THE KID LASHED OUT WITH HIS BOOTED FOOT, KICKING THE DEADLY WEAPON FAR FROM THE CLUTCHING GRASP OF DON DRAGO!

RECKON **THIS'LL** JUST EVEN THE SCORE A MITE, DRAGO!

FOOL! I'LL DEFEAT YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!

BEFORE THE KID COULD RECOVER HIS BALANCE, DRAGO MADE THE FIRST MOVE--LASHING OUT WITH THE FORCE AND FURY OF A **PILE-DRIVER!**

UGH!!

BUT ONE PUNCH DOES NOT MAKE A FIGHT...AND THE KID INSTANTLY HURLED HIMSELF BACK INTO THE LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE! THE STRUGGLE WHERE NO QUARTER WAS ASKED, OR GIVEN!

OOOF!

THIS WAS NO MERE INTENDED VICTIM DON DRAGO WAS BATTLING--THIS WAS **KID COLT,** WHO HAD FACED THE **BEST,** AND **BEATEN THEM ALL!**

THIS WAS **KID COLT,** WHO HAD BECOME A LEGEND IN HIS OWN LIFE TIME--A LEGEND THAT WOULD LIVE FOR AS LONG AS BRAVERY, AND VALOR, AND SKILL WERE TREASURED BY MEN OF THE WEST!

THAT OUGHTA STOP 'IM COLD!!

AND IT WAS TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE WILD TOWN OF PECOS, THAT MEN GATHERED IN THE STREET! **PUZZLED** MEN, **DISAPPOINTED** MEN...

THE STAGE **STILL** AIN'T COME BACK YET!

MEBBE DON DRAGO WAS ABLE TO **BEAT** KID COLT!

OR MEBBE THE KID **HIM-SELF** STOLE THE GOLD AND SHOT OLD POP!

I ALWAYS **DID** SAY YUH CAN'T TRUST AN OWLHOOT **NOHOW!**

HOLD IT, MEN! **LOOK YONDER!**

ACCORDING TO THIS **NOTE,** OLD POP, THE DRIVER, WAS NONE OTHER THAN **DON DRAGO HIMSELF!**

AND KID COLT **DELIVERED** HIM TO US, ALONG WITH THE GOLD, ALL IN ONE NEAT PACKAGE! CAN YA TIE **THAT??**

LET'S RIDE, STEEL! NOW THAT DON DRAGO'S CLAWS HAVE BEEN CLIPPED, PECOS WON'T BE NEEDIN' **US** ANY MORE!

THE END

Draw the Pirate

Contest prize: $430.00 scholarship in commercial art

Draw the Pirate any size other than this (bigger or smaller but not like a tracing). Use pencil. As winner of contest you get a complete art course—free training in advertising art, illustrating, cartooning, or landscape or portrait painting. Winner is taught, individually, by professional artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Many former students now earn upwards from $150 a week as commercial artists. Some earn $25,000 a year or more. Try for this free art course! Winner also gets a set of drawing supplies and illustrated art textbooks. Purpose of contest is to uncover talent that could be developed for an art career. Entries for June 1960 contest must be received by June 30. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified. Mail your drawing of the Pirate today.

Use 1 coupon—then pass this page on to a friend.

---

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Occupation_____

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How many hard-earned dollars have you spent to save your hair? How many hair tonics, gadgets, restorers, electrical devices, have you tried in the last few years — with no success? How many times after an unsuccessful hair-growing attempt have you sworn not to spend another cent on another hair treatment?

Yet, you buy the next product that comes on the market with hair-growing claims.

Stand in front of a mirror, take a long hard look at the top of your head. What have you to show for the money you spent on hair restorers? Do you have as much hair as one year ago? Do you see any signs of new hair, or new hair growth? Why the failure?

CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

Doctors who have spent a lifetime studying hair and hair growth have concluded that nothing now known can grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are bald, prepare to spend the rest of your life that way. Accept it philosophically and quit spending hard-earned dollars on hair growers.

If you can't grow hair — what can you do? Can you stop excessive hair loss? Can you save the hair you still have? Can you increase the life expectancy of your hair? Probably. Please read every word in the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between *saving your hair* and losing the rest of it to eventual BALDNESS.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp, are symptoms of the scalp disease called seborrhea, These scalp symptoms are often warnings of approaching baldness. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness, but doctors now know that men and women who have this scalp disease usually lose their hair.

Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

Many men and women suffer needless worry and heartache as they peer into the mirror at their retreating hairlines. Worse, they suffer needless loss of hair because today seborrhea can be controlled—quickly and effectively—by treating your scalp with the amazing scalp medicine called Ward's Formula.

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

In seconds, Ward's Formula kills the three parasitic germ organisms retarding normal hair growth. This swift germicidal action has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. In brief Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 350,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance.

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H. H. Ward & Co., Inc.
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